



SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 29.

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Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW SERIAL.

"BLIND LOVE."

will be printed in THE SUNDAY WORLD, beginning to-morrow. This is a Modern Story with scenes laid in Ireland.

Readers of "The Woman in White," "The Dead Secret," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," and other marvellous productions from Wilkie Collins's pen will be certain to read

"BLIND LOVE."

Begin with the beginning. Remember that this story will be published EXCLUSIVELY in America in the NEW YORK SUNDAY WORLD.

THE ONLY PAPER IN THE FIELD.

THE EVENING WORLD Spotting Extra was the only paper in New York, or indeed in the whole country, that gave the public last evening the news of the result of the exciting Yale-Harvard boat race.

And not only was the result of the race printed in these columns yesterday, but detailed bulletins of the preliminaries and a lucid description of the great race from start to finish.

The account was graphically illustrated with a large double-column cut of the course, showing the boats at their relative positions at each mile of the course from the start to the finish. This was an unparalleled achievement in the line of rapid illustrative work.

Hardly had the colors of Yale reached the haven of aquatic victory at New London when THE EVENING WORLD, with its bulletins and its accurate diagram, was selling on the streets of New York.

THE EVENING WORLD tries to be duly modest, but it is proud of this achievement and of the enthusiasm with which it was received by its myriad readers in all parts of the metropolis and vicinity.

Next:

GLUTTERING THE POOR MAN'S SUGAR-BOWL.

The history of monopoly never recorded a more brazen and atrocious robbery of the people than that now being engineered by the Sugar Trust speculators.

The jeweled hand that clutches the poor man's sugar-bowl is insatiable in its greed.

The price of this necessity of the people has already been raised 40 per cent. by the Trust managers, and the height of their avarice is far from reached.

The apparent apathy of the public serves as encouragement to the schemers.

Is there no limit to the patience of the people?

FRED DOUGLASS AND HAYTI.

A QUESTION IF THE NEW MINISTER IS THE BEST MAN FOR THE PLACE.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

WASHINGTON, June 29.—The selection of Fred Douglass to be Minister to Hayti is one of the most interesting of the President's latest appointments.

The discussion of the appointment brings out very different ideas as to its wisdom and the qualifications of the appointee.

A large number of people look upon Mr. Douglass as what they term "a professional colored man" and persistent office-seeker, and in view of the complications disturbing the Haytian Government it is urged that a white man, and one of exceptionally great qualifications, should be sent to represent us there.

Others insist that Mr. Douglass, as a representative colored man, can accomplish more than any white man in the Black Republic.

Mr. Douglass is about seventy-two years of age, and, as is generally known, first came to the North as a fugitive slave.

Gilmore at Home Again.

There will be a grand concert this afternoon and evening at the Oriental and Manhattan Beach Hotel. Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore's return to the hotel will be celebrated by two grand concerts to-morrow afternoon and evening, at which will be heard Sig. Italo Campanini, Signora Clementina De Vere and Miss Helen Dudley Campbell.

"BLIND LOVE," a new Novel by WILKIE COLLINS. Opening Chapters in the SUNDAY WORLD. Don't fail to begin with the First Instalment.

WHAT THEY CAUGHT

Fishing Anecdotes Which Are Out of the Ordinary Run.

An Ancient Fish Story from a Very Reliable Source.

Great and Small Catches and How They Were Made.

CONDITIONS OF THE TOURNEY.

THE EVENING WORLD has opened a Fish Story Contest as a novel, timely and interesting feature. The usual prize, a gold double eagle, will be given for the best fish story submitted. Fish-Competition begins to-morrow. The contest will be open to all who are in the country, will act as judge.

The piscatorial yarns may be as short as the authors desire, but should not exceed 200 words in length. The most interesting of the contributions will be published. All competitors should address, Fish Story Contest, THE EVENING WORLD, New York City. This is a great opportunity for the story-telling disciples of Isaac Walton.

ANCIENT BUT VERY GOOD.

A Fish Story Submitted by the Rev. Mr. Not as Original as Always Interesting.

(Not Eligible for the Prize.)

Now the word of the Lord came unto Jonah, the son of Amittai, saying,

"Arise, go up to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me."

But Jonah rose up to flee into Persia from the presence of the Lord, and went down to Joppa; and he found a ship going to Tarshish; so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord.

But the Lord sent a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broken.

Then the mariners were afraid, and cried every man unto his God, and cast forth the wares that were in the ship into the sea to lighten it of them. But Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship, and he lay and was fast asleep.

So the shipmaster came to him and said unto him: "What meanest thou, oh sleeper? Arise, call unto thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not."

And they said every one to his fellow: "Come and let us cast lots that we may know for whose cause this evil is upon us."

So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah. Then said they unto him: "Tell us, we pray thee, for whose cause is this evil upon us. What is thy occupation? and whence comest thou? What is thy country? and of what people art thou?"

And he said unto them: "I am a Hebrew, and I fear the Lord, the God of heaven, which hath made the sea and the dry land."

Then said they unto him: "Why hast thou done this?" for the men knew that he fled from the presence of the Lord, because he had told them. Then said they unto him: "What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm unto us?" for the sea wrought and was tempestuous.

And he said unto them: "Take me up and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you; for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you."

Nevertheless, the men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not; for the sea was wrought and was tempestuous against them.

Wherefore they cried unto the Lord and said: "We beseech thee, O Lord, we beseech thee, let us not perish for this man's life, and lay not upon us this guilt, for we are innocent; for we have done as thou hast said. O Lord, hear our voice."

So they took up Jonah and cast him forth into the sea; and the sea ceased from troubling him.

Then the men feared the Lord exceedingly, and offered a sacrifice unto the Lord and made vows.

Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights.

Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God out of the belly of the fish, saying:

"And said: 'I cried by reason of my affliction unto the Lord, and he heard me; out of the belly of hell cried I, and thou hearest my voice.'

"For thou hadst cast me into the deep, into the midst of the seas; and the floods compassed me about; all the billows and waves passed over me."

"Then I said: 'I am cast out of thy sight, yet I will look again upon thy holy temple.'

"The waters compassed me about, even to the soul; the depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head."

"I went down to the bottom of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about me forever; yet thou hast wrought up my life from corruption, O Lord, my God."

"When my soul fainted within me I remembered the Lord, and my prayer came in unto thee, into thy holy temple."

"They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercies."

"But I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that which I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord."

"And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land."

Plaint of a Perplexed Angler.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

When you have spent a whole day fishing, and paddle home without a single catch; while you have been industriously wishing that you had hooked an everlasting lurcher;

When you are sure to meet some other fellow, who drags along at least a ten-pound string, whose very luck with evens makes you yellow;

And who at you is bound to have a thing; Especially when you've promised rather freely to give Jones, Smith and Brown a fish; or two and want to keep your word—now, really,

What should a fairly honest fellow do? I've thought the matter over long and sadly. In hope that from the tangle I might wriggle; So I write THE EVENING WORLD, and, even though I had hooked an everlasting lurcher, a fish yarn for that golden double eagle.

PERPLEXED ANGLER.

Got His Knife Back.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I went fishing one day and I took my brother with me. While I was fixing my tackle he lost a penknife overboard with the blade open. About one hour afterwards I

caught a fish with the knife sticking out of his mouth, he having swallowed the handle first. C. W. P., 20 Butler street, Brooklyn.

It Must Have Been a Straggler.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Capt. Knack, the greatest fisherman of New York, caught a large bass in 1856 in the following manner: He was fishing in the East River, opposite the Navy Yard, when he hooked a large fish. He struggled hard for about three hours, and being unable to haul him ashore, and after a short, hard struggle, landed a bass, "a regular beauty," which tipped the scales at 96½ pounds, which was afterwards exhibited at the Bevere House, where it was admired by his fisherman friends. W. L. KERRY, 375 Decatur street, Brooklyn.

Where Fish Abound.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A few years ago, when collecting hunting and fishing data for a railroad guide book, I was told of the so-called English grayling, now better known as the Michigan grayling, because it is found in the waters of Northern Michigan only. In the pioneer lumbering days this fish was found in great abundance in the Manistee River, and at certain seasons of the year became so plentiful as to impede the current of the river. People desiring graying simply went to the river bank and asked them out with the hands, just as they would gather driftwood. It is related that these fish were so closely packed in the Manistee one year as to prevent the loggers from cutting their timber from the runways to the mills at the mouth of the river. In after years the fish became scarce, almost extinct, but since 1875 they have been taken with the hook in large quantities. Wm. A. MAY.

Yes, It Was Strange.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Last Sunday my dear friend of mine invited me to visit him at a famous sporting club on Long Island and try my luck at trout fishing. I boarded a train at Hunter's Point and when the conductor came to take up my ticket I was so engrossed in a copy of THE EVENING WORLD that, after having produced my pocketbook and taken my ticket therefrom, I absent-mindedly threw the pocketbook out of the window, mistaking it for a cigarette which I had just about finished. Overwhelmed with grief at my thoughtlessness I was hardly in any state to enjoy fishing. But fish I did, and after many hours was rewarded by catching a trout weighing over three pounds. While taking him from the hook his piteous expression, almost human, struck me so potting him on the head I said: "We are both in the soup, old man. I'll let you go back to your native element," and released him. The next morning my pocketbook was still missing, nor have I seen it since. Can any of your readers account for this remarkable coincidence? T. T.

Caught a Fish Robber.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I was fishing for sunfish on dock at Fifty-sixth street, East River, one day last March. Istrung my fish on a string line, and fastened the string to the stringers of the dock and let the fish float in the water to keep them fresh. When I had about fifty on the string I thought of taking a rest. On looking down I noticed my fish disappearing. Seeing the last go I grabbed the end fast to the dock and gave a sudden jerk, and felt I had something heavy on the end.

Finding I could not manage it alone I called to a man on a street line, and pulled on shore and was surprised to find a monster sea-bass had swallowed my fifty sunfish. Each of them weighed a half pound. We then cut open the sea-bass, and lo! there was the grass and opened the sea-bass. I found my sunfish all entangled in the intestines of the bass, otherwise unharmed. After cleaning the bass he weighed exactly twenty-five pounds. This is all true, as the man who helped me can prove. J. L. EAST Fifty-sixth street.

Fishing in a School of Bass.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

This was my experience last August while fishing for black bass at Lake Hopateong, N. J. I anchored my boat on the fishing grounds, baited and cast out my lines and waited. For some time I was pulling on the line, but I did not know what was the matter. I suddenly looking around, I saw a school towards me an immense school of bass. The water for some distance around was black with them. I could see by the jumping of minnows that they were feeding. I calculated that they would pass near me, so hastily I cast my line, and lo! I had hooked a monster. Seeing my chance, I let go my line and it seemed that the bait had not touched the water before a large sized bass struck it. I hooked him, I laid down my rod and hurriedly cast out the others and hooked two more. By this time they had all passed and I was left with a large school of bass, which, upon being weighed, tipped the scales at 13½ pounds. Strange to say, I killed no more that day. S. E.

"Jumping" Florida Mullies.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Last Winter, while on a fishing cruise in the Indian River, Florida, I spent the night with an old time "flinder cracker." About 12 o'clock at night we procured a big light-torch and entered the boat carefully so as not to alarm the fish. He sat astern and I in the bow, holding the torch so the boat was shoved far out into the stream. We had no sooner entered the stream than a school of mullies headed for the boat and began plunging right square into it. They came so fast my partner yelled out: "Don't see the glimmer, or they will sink us." This style of catching fish is called "jumping them," and it is true. T. T. HARTEN, 200 West Thirty-seventh street.

This Happened in Scotland.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Walking one day on the bank of a small stream in the south of Scotland, I saw a salmon in the water, close to an overhanging ledge. To cut a stick from a willow bush and a hook on it was the work of a minute. Lying gently down, I looked him. My awkward position, coupled with the slippery state of the stick, enabled him to jerk it out of my hand, he shooting off with hook and stick. A year afterwards, walking near the same place, I saw a fish in the stream lying under a willow bush. It was making preparations to throw a line over him, when to my surprise fish and bush went off down the stream.

Like a steam hammer, I have known fish to live with hooks in them, but this was the first I ever knew to act as fertilizer to a willow bush. M. REED.

SAVED BY A TARPON.

Startling Adventure of a Florida Fisherman and His Happy Ending.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

It was at Punta Rassa, Fla., in the Summer of 1887 I prepared my skiff for a good fishing bout, and pulled out into the deep waters in the hope of catching one of those far-famed "red roppers," as the natives call them. I had just thrown over my line with hook well baited with a fair-sized shiner when I felt a savage tug at the end of my line. I gave a quick, responsive jerk, but in doing so lost my balance, falling headlong backward overboard. My impulse was to hang onto the line, and as I was sinking I got several turns of it around my arm and hand. Being no swimmer I felt that my only hope was in that frail line. It suddenly relaxed, and I seemed to be going down, down to a bottomless grave. Hope deserted me. I knew that I was drowning.

Suddenly I felt my arm lifted by an invisible hand and was pulled up with powerful jerks. Suddenly my head bumped against the bottom of my skiff, and the next instant my hand was jammed against the gunwale, I clung there gasping for breath. After awhile I raised my head high out of water, resting my chest on the gunwale of the boat. The sight that met my eyes brought me still further to consciousness.

There, in the bottom of my skiff, was a large tarpon, his head under the thwart, and the line was wrapped around his snout. He was closely wound around the monster's tail. In his frantic efforts to escape after he had jumped into the skiff, he had hauled me to the gunwale, and was now wriggling into the boat myself, and brought my prize—a hundred pounder—to land. PUNTA RASSA.

Resigned from Carnegie's Mill.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 29.—Lieut. Fitch, Gen. Sherman's son-in-law, has resigned the management of Carnegie's mill at Braddock. He and his wife will spend the Summer on the Atlantic coast.

BASEBALL STANDINGS THIS MORNING.

National League.

Boston..... 24..... 18..... 184..... 20..... 20..... 408

Cleveland..... 24..... 18..... 184..... 20..... 20..... 408

New York..... 24..... 18..... 184..... 20..... 20..... 408

Philadelphia..... 24..... 18..... 184..... 20..... 20..... 408

American Association.

St. Louis..... 24..... 18..... 184..... 20..... 20..... 408

St. Paul..... 24..... 18..... 184..... 20..... 20..... 408

Indianapolis..... 24..... 18..... 184..... 20..... 20..... 408

Atlantic Association.

Jersey City..... 24..... 18..... 184..... 20..... 20..... 408

Paterson..... 24..... 18..... 184..... 20..... 20..... 408

Elizabeth..... 24..... 18..... 184..... 20..... 20..... 408

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